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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1855.

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Sketchings.

AN artist, desirous of selling sundry pictures by means of a raffle, called on us a few days since, to request our aid in disposing of the chances. "There are forty tickets," said he, "and if you can do anything for me, I shall be very glad." "We do not believe in the utility of lotteries in aid of Art, and, therefore, can say nothing in favor of your case." "But, how," replied he, "is an artist going to live?" We thought of Dr. Johnson's answer to some one who asked a similar question, "he didn't see the necessity of his living at all," and answered that we did not consider it expedient to sacrifice the good of Art for the sake of a single painter, and that, therefore, we preferred artists abandoning the profession to their living in it, by means which lowered its dignity. "But," said he, "artists can't live in New York by the regular sale of their pictures." "Then," we replied, "New York is a very bad place for artists to come to." He left in a huff, no doubt cursing the THE CRAYON and its editors.

Now, there is a bit of philosophy suggested by the above incident, which we particularly wish our readers to ponder on. There is a certain relation between the money value of any article and the respect paid it, which, however false it may be, still must be regarded in our estimate of means and ends. This is unavoidable so long as we live in a state in which money is the standard of all valuation. The respect we pay the great world induces a corresponding respect to its opinion, even in those matters where we know its judgment is less reliable than our own. Few men would be as

well contented to possess a picture which had value in their own eyes alone, as one which the precedent of sales had stamped at the figure of \$1,000.

We cannot stop to argue on the metaphysics of the question, or be content to say it ought not to be thus. So it is, and it probably will remain so till the end of time, and we must keep it in our reckoning, or ever come to false results in giving encouragement to Art.

Whatever, then, lowers the commercial value of pictures, brings them into disrespect, and diminishes the regard paid to the artist; and this is particularly the case with those means of disposing of them, which force upon the public a supply larger than the legitimate demand, or which induce us to purchase because they are cheap, rather than because they are liked. If a man purchases a ticket in a lottery of pictures, he does so generally because he wants to get a picture for less than its true value, and it stands ever after as of little worth to himself, and those who know how it was obtained. We consider every lottery or other means to cheapen works of Art as articles of commodity, to result in a greater or less degree in the degradation of Art in the estimation of the community.

There can be no more short-sighted policy for artists than getting rid of their works by such means, because, though a factitious demand may for the moment relieve the over supply, the reaction is sure to prostrate the "picture market" in a corresponding degree, and no man goes about lovingly to find pictures, because they are thrust into his hands and house, by artists who get rid of their works as they can, and when they can.

To artists of true feeling, this course is too painful to permit its being followed. They would always prefer giving their works to those who appreciated them, than to sell them to those who do not; and, if from circumstances, they compromise so far as to sell them to an unappreciative patron of the Arts, they will not, if possible, permit their labors to be degraded to the condition of actual merchandise—to which no personal feeling can be attached.

The questionable benefit of such schemes comes, then, to those who value their own works so little as to make it matter of doubt if they are worth much—to the men who paint "pot-boilers," and as many of them in a given time as possible, and realize the most from them.

"What shall an artist do then to live?" If he cannot live to benefit the Arts, let him abandon them. It is only self-love that leads us to cling to a loved object, at the expense of its injury, and the painter who does not so love his Art as to be unwilling to sacrifice to it his own personal advantage, is no artist, but an artisan. If there is not demand enough for pictures to support the existing artists, there are two remedies—to thin out the profession, and to create a demand by painting better pictures. We have never known a thoroughly good picture, painted in the true artistic spirit of humility, to want a purchaser in New York; but we have known many artists, who imagined that they

could not afford the time to paint a picture, which should demand the fullest devotion of their time and talent, because they could not sell those on which they had half worked and half studied.

A conscientious picture will always bring a conscientious price, if the artist have any real talent, and, if not, he had better be frightened out of the calling at once.

We had, a few days since, the pleasure of a visit from the venerable Rembrandt Peale. Mr. Peale is now, we believe, the oldest artist of eminence in America, and the last of those who looked on and painted our early great men. He is now seventy-seven, and in vigorous health, physical and mental. For the latter, his interesting "Reminiscences" will testify, and as to the former, we need only to say, that he mounted to THE CRAYON office in the third story without difficulty.

We enjoyed exceedingly a conversation with him, and listened to many most interesting narratives of incidents in his early life, many of which we hope to give our readers in his "Reminiscences" from time to time. He is the only living artist who painted Washington from life, and his account of the painting of his well-known portrait of him was interesting to the extreme. His attachment to the hero and to his memory, is a most touching, beautiful feeling—as full of the enthusiasm and truth of a young heart, as though his locks had never changed from brown to silver. It was worth much to us to see by him how the true-artist life keeps unchanged the harmony of spirit and youthfulness of feeling, which material cares and selfish pursuits so soon destroy. He came in upon our daily routine of business, like a lost poem of old re-found, and bursting out of its obscurity in the freshness and joyousness of its new completion. God grant him yet many years!

THERE is a good feeling for the encouragement of Art in Philadelphia, and the evidences of it are numerous, and of marked character. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts stands for one of these evidences; in its history there is more than one incident which shows a degree of public spirit highly creditable to the Philadelphia public, as well as of great encouragement to the cause of Art in this country. Another evidence is the actual number of resident artists of well-known reputation, and still another is the private collections of pictures, of which there are many fine ones.

On a recent visit to Philadelphia, we saw many landscapes and portraits, executed in Philadelphia, and much regretted that we could not visit the studios of the artists by whom they were painted. Among the former, the works of Webber and Russel Smith; and among the portraits, those of Sully, Peale, Lambdin, and Rothermel were particularly noticeable. Rothermel has a very creditable picture, called "The Virtuoso," which, we believe, he intends to send to the coming exhibition of the National Academy.

Among the collections, that of the late Mr. Carey is worthy of notice. In addition to works by native artists, Mr. Carey procured several pictures of the English school, which renders his collection of special interest. Among those we saw, there were a marine view by Stanfield, a picture called "The Cottage Door," by Collins—part of which was engraved for the Book of Gems. A fine landscape, by Richard Wilson; two by J. B. Pyne; a Cattle Piece, by Cooper; Salvator Rosa and Masaniello, by Macclise; and Hagar and Ishmael, by Eastlake. Huntington's Mercy's Dream, Inman's Mumble the Peg—one of his choicest works; also his portrait of Macaulay; a beautiful drawing by Cheney, remarkable for its

simplicity and purity; a picture by Gray, and some of Sully's best heads, are the best of our own artists' works. The influence of Mr. Carey upon the world of Art in Philadelphia was great; his good feeling and liberality were conspicuous, and he has left behind him a reputation which is warmly cherished by his friends, and which must encourage all who follow in the same path. We hope to be able, in a future number, to give our readers some particulars of the life of Mr. Carey, with especial reference to his love for works of Art. We are reminded here of the late Mr. John Paine, another friend of Art and artists in Philadelphia, of whom we are promised some account, and which will also appear in a future number. Mr. Paine, at his decease, possessed a choice collection of pictures, a valuable part of which, we believe, now adorns the gallery of our townsman, Marshall O. Roberts, Esq. E. P. Mitchell, Esq., possesses an interesting collection. Among them are two late pictures by Cropsey, one called *Peace*, alluded to in a late number of *THE CRAYON*, and the other styled "*Queen-Elizabeth hawking*." The former is decidedly the best allegorical picture Mr. Cropsey has painted; we think the allegory, however, has but little to do with its effect upon the mind. The repose of the scene itself—arising from its broad character and far-receding distance, the light from the setting sun on the far-off mountains, whose tops are just perceptible above the surface of the water; these, with a full moon beginning to cast its influence upon the landscape, sufficiently suggest the *peace* of repose and tranquillity, without the well-executed and imaginative monument in the foreground. In this collection is a landscape, by Russel Smith, whose works we would like to see more of; and several by Wm. Hart. A choice little picture, by Woodside (recently deceased), representing an infant Bacchus in a Bath, is fancifully conceived and beautifully executed. The little fellow reclines at full length in a goblet of rosy wine, around which spring up some vine leaves.

We also remember some heads by Sully and Rothermel, and one or two Wissahoon scenes by Webber. We had the pleasure of seeing two pictures by Steinbrück—one a fine sketch, illustrating the parable of the Saviour, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Furness, and the other an illustration from "*Paul and Virginia*." The latter is a new arrival. It represents Paul and Virginia at the time when the body of Virginia having drifted on shore, Paul draws it up from the water, and, clasping his arms around it, strains it to his breast, and gazes into her face with a wondering, fervid look. The expression of Virginia's face is fine, and in the body, the perfect relaxation of death is well rendered.

Samuel Welsh, Esq., has various portraits by Rembrandt Peale, a picture by Waugh, one by Robbe, and several by Webber.

The collection of Messrs. Claghorne, Earl and Fale, are very attractive, but we must defer speaking of them until some future occasion.

We must not forget to mention a picture by Wm. Furness, a son of the Rev. Mr. Furness, which warrants belief in future excellence. Mr. Furness, in company with a son of Mr. Lambdin, is now about pursuing his Art studies in Munich.

We shall endeavor to give notices of the principal private collections in New York and the other principal cities, from time to time. We have scattered through the country many fine specimens of the European masters, which ought to be more seen than they are, and which, with very few exceptions, their owners would be delighted to have seen by the appreciating portion of the public.

From the letter of our Western correspondent, we glean the following items of Art intelligence in Cincinnati:—

In private collections there are quite a

number of pictures of the German school, by Achenbach, Lessing and others, which a lack of time prevented me from seeking. G. K. Shoenberger, Esq., has the duplicate series of "*The Voyage of Life*," painted by Cole, in Rome, 1842; also a work by the same artist, and quite as large as either of the series just named, called, "*Elijah at the Mouth of the Cave*." Three landscapes, by T. W. Whitridge, of this city, have recently been received from Dusseldorf; they are evidences of great improvement in drawing, and have more of his early delicacy of color than some previously painted abroad.

Beard is painting portraits, characterized by much beauty and force.

Among the Art attractions of Cincinnati there is a gallery of paintings, ancient and modern copies, in charge of Messrs. Baldwin & Williams. Admission, ten cents. In this gallery is a small landscape by Lessing, representing a few pine trees, painted in a masterly manner: J. T. Peele's "*Child's Passage to Paradise*," an Art-Union prize; D. B. Walcutt, a native artist, has sent home from Europe a number of landscapes, one-half of which seem to have come from the pencil of a mature French artist, and the rest from a proficient in the English school. In the same gallery are four good *genre* pictures, purchased abroad by the late C. G. Springer, who perished in the Arctic.

There is an Artist's Union here, and a Ladies' Art Society, but I am unable to give you any special information concerning them; perhaps those interested in these institutions will volunteer it, and render the public a service. It is gratifying to see such manifestations of interest in Art matters; and the inhabitants of this good city may be assured that no subject can bring more renown to Cincinnati than a liberal encouragement of the Fine Arts.

In the way of architecture, I notice a costly banking-house of free-stone in course of erection for The Ohio Life and Trust Company. The first story is up, but it does not strike me as beautiful. Several important-looking stone stores are near completion, the free-stone used is a compact, hard material, and presents a smooth surface; some of it is particularly light in color; it is brought from Dayton, and is called Dayton marble.

A VEXATIOUS error occurred in our last number, in the paragraph in "*Sketchings*," noticing the *Athenæum's* critique of the "*Arundel* (misprinted Annual) Society's Life of Giotto." The notice should have appeared in this number with the article, but by oversight was misplaced. Our readers will please substitute *Arundel* for *Annual*, and find the article in this number.

FOREIGN FINE ART GOSSIP.—A very creditable application of moulded brick to architectural purposes may be seen in the new gateway of the London Necropolis, Westminster Bridge. The deep Saxon billet moulding and massive semi-circular-arch look exceedingly well in the rich, deep red, contrasting with the lozenge work of lighter colors.

We understand that M. de Keyser is about to be appointed Director of the Academy of Arts at Antwerp.

At a late meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. J. Ferguson excited much interest by a lecture he delivered upon the tombs of Bejapore. The domes cover a larger area than those of any European building, and are constructed upon a principle unknown to European architects. The walls are covered with intricate geometrical designs, superior to even the Alhambra.

There is a complaint, we understand, that the late competitor for the Royal Academy's silver medal for the best measured drawing of Burlington House did not fulfil the necessary conditions imposed on the competitors; which,

if true, adds one more to the many instances which have of late occurred to impeach the system of prizes in Art.

M. Theodore Lejeune, the restorer of Coppel and De la Fosse at the Invalides, has just completed the restoration of Freminet's paintings in the Chapel of the Palace at Fontainebleau. Napoleon the First spent ten millions of francs at Fontainebleau—his nephew appears anxious to be only less economical. Already he has built a new theatre, almost reconstructed the *Pavillon du Tibre*, and made important alterations in the grounds, under the direction of M. Lefuel, the architect charged with the continuation of the Louvre. M. Chautard, in the *Revue des Beaux Arts*, describes the Fontainebleau restorations as marvellous successes.

A curious document has been lately found amongst the papers of a rich Versailles tradesman, recently deceased. This document is an account of the building expenses incurred by Louis the Fourteenth, under Mansard. The account is drawn up by Marimer, a clerk in the architect's employ. We add a few items. Versailles, Marly, and dependencies, 116,238,893 livres—Saint-Germain, 6,155,551 livres—Fontainebleau, 2,775,746 livres—Chambord, 1,225,701 livres—Louvre and Tuilleries, 10,008,969 livres—the Observatory, 725,174 livres—the Invalides, 1,718,382 livres—Place Vendôme, 2,062,699 livres—Canal de Langue-doc, 7,736,555 livres—Gobelins, &c., 3,645,943 livres—on account of manufactures, 1,979,990—total, 158,000,000 livres, or upwards of six millions sterling!

A correspondent in Florence writes:—Mr. Hart, an American Sculptor, residing in this city, has taken out a patent in America, and is about to take out one in England and France, for an invention which will interest Art-readers. He has been engaged upon it for nine or ten years, and has only recently succeeded in bringing it into its present working state. Before I give you a description of it, let me say that it aims at reducing labor, and at giving unerringly the outline of the figure. As it works on mathematical calculations, its measurements, of course, must be infallible. Another great advantage of it is, that it enables the artist to fix his ideas on the instant—an advantage which particularly affects drapery. Let it be ever so well arranged on your cast, it droops, a fold loses its fullness, and it is excessively difficult to work out the original arrangement; whereas this instrument obtains such immediate and accurate measurements as not to be deviated from. "Once that I have made them," said Mr. Hart, "my man can work them out as well as myself; and I am free to pursue other objects. As the patents are not yet all completed, I am not at liberty to give a description of the instrument, which I saw, as well as some busts which had been worked by it. I may say generally, however, that it transfers from the life to clay, plaster, or any other substance, all human forms in their mathematical proportions and relations to one another, with a dispatch and accuracy unattainable by the eye, in harmony and expression. It will also transfer with mathematical precision all forms in sculpture already produced to marble or any other material, without in the slightest degree injuring them. In this respect it is to statutory what photography is to painting. Amongst other objects, in its wide application, it will transfer draperies to the clay models from the figures before they become rigid.* Thus both the sculptor and the workman, with increased facility and perfection, complete whatever is undertaken in actuality from the life, or in ideality that which has been hitherto produced.—*Athenæum*.

* We do not exactly comprehend the above invention, but if it be true as above stated, it amounts simply to a more perfect machine sculpture than we have yet had; but it has nothing artistic in it.—*Eds. CRAYON*.